

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loë, loë againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and he serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compail?

Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ileyeld him thee asleepe, Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch: I do beleeue thy Greatnesse giue him blowes, And take his bottle from him: When that's gone, He shall drinke nought but brine, for he not shew him Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monster one word further: and by this hand, I'll turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a Stockfish of thee!

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, As you like this, giue me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not giue thee lie: Out o' your wittes, and hearing too?

A pox o' your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time I'll beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Hauling first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Hee's but a Sor, as I am; nor hath not One Spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes, He ha's braue Vtenils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'll decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beaurtie of his daughter: he himselfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:

Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head, Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure, Let vs be iocund. Will you trouble the Catch You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason, Any reason: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cont' 'em: and skewt 'em, and flout 'em, Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes: If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgiue me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee; Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses, Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not: Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices, That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,

Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming, The clouds methought would open, and shew riches Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will proue abraue kingdom to me, Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away, Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,

Wee'll follow: I would I could see this Taborer, He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

I'll follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.
Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir, My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience, I needes must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest: Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope: Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose That you resolu'd to effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night, For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they Will not, nor cannot vie such vigilance As when they are fresh.

Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prospero on the top (invisible:) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke.

Al. Giue vs kind keepers, heauens: what were these?

Seb. A liuing Drolerie: now I will beleeue

That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia* There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix At this houre reigning there.

Ant. He beleeue both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me And he beleeu'd 'tis true: Travellers nere did lye, Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they beleeue me? If I should say I saw such Islands;

(For certes, these are people of the Island)

Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note

Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

Our humane generation you shall finde

Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;

Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse

Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing

(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde

Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They haue left their Viands behind; for wee haue Ro-

Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Al. Nor I

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were

Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,

Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em

Wallers of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in

Each putter out of fine

Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, a

Although my last, no ma

The best is past: brother

Stand too, and doe as w

Thunder and Lightning.

his wings vpon the Ta

Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three n

That hath to instrument

And what is in't: the ne

Hath caus'd to belch vp

Where man doth not inl

Being most vnfit to liue

And euen with such like

Their proper felues: you

Are ministers of Fate, th

Of whom your swords a

Wound the loud winde

Kill the still closing wate

One dowe that's in my

Are like-invulnerable: it

Your swords are now too

And will not be vplifted

(For that's my businesse

From *Milaine* did suppl

Expos'd vnto the Sea (w

Him, and his innocent cl

The Powres, delaying (n

Incens'd the Seas, and Sh

Against your peace: Th

They haue bereft; and d

Lingring perdition (wor

Can be at once) shall step

You, and your wayes, w

Which here, in this mo

Vpon your heads, is noth

And a cleere life ensuin

He vanishes in Thunder: t

shapes againe, and danc

carrying out the Table

Pro. Brauely the figur

Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a g

Of my Instruction, ha

In what thou had't to say

And obseruation strange

Their feuerall kindes hau

And these (mine enemies

In their distractions: the

And in these fits, I leaue

Yong *Ferdinand* (whom

And his, and mine lou'd

Gon. I th name of son

In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstro

Me thought the billowes

The winde did sing it to

(That deepe and dreadfu

The name of *Prosper*: it

Therefore my Sonne i'th

I'll seeke him deeper the

And with him there lye

Seb. But one feend a

I'll fight their Legions o

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